

Hail to the Chief

Sir WALTER SCOTT

JAMES SANDERSON

Maestoso

1. Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces! Hon-or'd and bless'd be the
 2 Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in
 3 Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the

ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces,
 win-ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The
 ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were

ff
 Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in
 more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-ult in her shade. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-
 wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine! Row, vas-sals, row, for the

tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . .
 sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade, When the
 pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars for the ev-er-green Pine! . .

Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and
 whirl-wind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-
 O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-

Hail to the Chief

f Allegro

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend its sap a - nev
 ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest sho
 round him to twine! O, that some seed - ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stea

 Gai - ly to bour - geon and broadly to grow; While ev - 'ry High - land glen,
 Firm - er he roots him, the ru - der it blow; Mentieth and Bread - al - bane, then,
 Hon - or'd and bless'd in their sha - dow might grow! Loud should Clan - Al - pine then

 Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
 Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
 Ring from the deepest glen, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY

F. GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al -

 glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 pe - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 mig t - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!